

M^{rs} Jackson in the Character of Juliet.



Romeo I come! this do I drink to thee.

Act IV. Scene 3.

Published by D. Venman 1 Feb. 1778.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-SROYAL

IN

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WENMAN, No 144, FLEET-STREET; and Sold by all
other Booksellers in Town and Country.

M DCC LXXVIII.

ROMEO JULIET.



TRAGEDY.

Dramatis Personæ.

THE ATTENDANTS.

ROMEO.
ESCALUS.
PARIS.
MONTAGUE.
CAPULET.
MERCUTIO.
BENVOLIO.
TIBALT.
Old CAPULET.



Friar LAWRENCE.
Friar JOHN.
BALTHASAR.
Apothecary.
GREGORY.
SAMPSON.
ABRAM.
PETER.

W O M E N.

JULIET.
Lady CAPULET.

Nurse.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, Relations to Capulet; Masquers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the Fifth Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, in and near Verona.



LONDON.

Printed by W. B. MANN, at the Theatre Royal, in Covent Garden.

M D C C L V I I

ROMEO AND JULIET.

A C T I.

SCENE, a Street in Verona.

Enter Sampson and Gregory.

Sam. GREGORY, I strike quickly, being mov'd.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Greg. Draw thy tool then, for here come of that house.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; Quarrel, I will back thee, but—let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abra. Quarrel, Sir? No, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abra. No better, Sir.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abra. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords: you know not what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tib. What, art thou drawn amongst these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: [word, Have at thee, coward. [They fight.

[Within.] Down with the Capulets, down with the Montagues.

A mutiny—a mutiny— [Bell rings.

Enter Old Montague.

Mont. Thou villain, Capulet—Hold me not; let me go.

Enter Prince and Attendants.

Prince. Capulet and Montague, Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steel—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets:
If ever you affright our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you, this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt Prince, Capulet, &c.]

Remain Montague and Benvolio.

Mont. Who set this ancient quarrel now abroad?
Speak, nephew; were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tibalt, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breathe'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the wind;
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came.

Mont. O where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day?
Right glad am I he was not at this fray!

Ben. My lord, an hour before the worship'd sun
Peer'd through the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad;
Where underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Tow'rd's him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of a wood.

I, measuring his affections by my own,
(That most are busied when they're most alone)
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing him,
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mont. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should, in the farthest east, begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed;
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mont. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mont. Both by myself and many other friends;
But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself, I will not say how true,

But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Ben. So please you, Sir, Mercutio and myself
Are most near to him; be it that our years,
Statues, births, fortunes, studies, inclinations,
Measure the rule of his, I know not; but
Friendship still loves to fort him with his like.
We will attempt upon his privacy;
And could we learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as knowledge.

Mont. 'Twill bind us to you: good Benolio, go.

Ben. We'll know his grievance, or be much de-
ny'd. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE, before Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and a Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds, so long:
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of eighteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a wife.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made:
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but her.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
If she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent; so woo her, gentle Paris.
This night I hold an old-acustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a friend,
Such as I love, and you among the rest;
One more most welcome!

Come, go with me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, a Wood near Verona. *Romeo crosses the Stage.*

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. See where he steals——Told I you not,
Benvolio,
That we should find this melancholy Cupid
Lock'd in some gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary silence; with his arms
Threaded, like these crows boughs, in sorrow's knot.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah, me! sad hours seem long.

Mer. Pr'ythee, what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having, makes them short.

Ben. In love, me seems!

Alas, that love so gentle to the view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Where shall we dine?—O, me——cousin Benvolio,

What was the fray this morning with the Capulets?
Yes, tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Love, heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

This love feel I; but such my froward fate,
That there I love, where most I ought to hate.

Dost thou not laugh, my coz?—Oh, Juliet, Juliet!

Ben. No, coz, I had rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Mer. Tell me, in sadness, who is she you love?

Rom. In sadness, then, I love a woman.

Mer. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman! and she's fair I love;

But knows not of my love: 'twas through my eyes
The shaft empiere'd my heart; chance gave the wound,

Which time can never heal; no star befriends me;
To each sad night succeeds a dismal morrow;
And still 'tis hopeless love, and endless sorrow.

Mer. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Mer. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Take thou some new infection to thy heart,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Examine other beauties.

Rom. He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Remembering me, who past that passing fair!
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Mer. I warrant thee, if thou'lt but stay to hear:
To-night there is an ancient splendid feast,
Kept by old Capulet, our enemy,
Where all the beauties of Verona meet.

Rom. At Capulet's!

Mer. At Capulet's, my friend;
Go there, and with an unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow!

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fire,
And burn the hereticks. All-seeing Phoebus
Ne'er saw her match, since first his course began.

Mer. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else be-
ing by;

Herself pois'd with herself; but let be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other fair,
And she will shew scant well.

Rom. I will along, Mercutio.

Mer. 'Tis well. Look to behold at this high
feast,
Earth treading stars, that make dim heaven's lights.
Hear all, all see, try all; and like her most,
That most shall merit thee.

Rom. My mind is chang'd——
I will not go, to-night.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dream'd a dream last night.

Mer. Ha! ha! a dream?

O, then I see Queen Mab has been with you.
She is the fancy's midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers knees, that dream on curt'ies straight;

O'er lawyers fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream.
Sometimes the gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tythe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parson, as he lies asleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then, anon,
Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that Mab——

Rom. Peace, peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more unconstant than the wind.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from our-
And we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early; for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
From this night's revels—lead, gallant friends;

[*Exeunt Mer. and Ben.*]

Let come what may, once more I will behold
My Juliet's eyes, drink deeper of affliction;
I'll watch the time; and mask'd from observation,
Make known my sufferings, but conceal my name:
Tho' hate and discord, 'twixt our fires increase,
Let in our hearts dwell love and endless peace.

[*Exit Romeo.*]

SCENE, Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her
forth to me.

Nurse. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve year
old) I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-
bird! God forbid—where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter—Nurse, give
leave a while, we must talk in secret. Nurse, come
back again, I have remember'd me; thou shalt hear
my counsel: thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty
age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not eighteen.

Nurse. I'll lay eighteen of my teeth, and yet to
my teeth be it spoken, I have but eight; she's not
eighteen. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be eighteen.
Susan and she (Heav'n rest all christian souls) were
of an age. Well, Susan is in heav'n; she was too
good for me. But as I said, on Lammas-eve at night,
shall she be eighteen, that shall she, marry; I re-
member it well. 'Tis since the earthquake, now
fifteen years; and she was wean'd, I never shall for-
get it, of all the days in the year, upon that day:
for I had then laid wormwood to my breast, sitting
in the sun under the dove-house wall; my lord and
you, were then at Mantua—Nay, I do bear a brain.
But as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on
the nipple of the breast, and felt it bitter, pretty
fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the breast.
Shake, quoth the dove-house—'twas no need,
I trow, to bid me trudge. And since that time it

is fifteen years, for then she could stand alone, nay,
by the rood, she could have run, and waddled all
about; for even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband, (Heav'n be with his soul,
a'was a merry man) took up the child. Yea, quoth
he, dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall
backward, when thou hast more wit. Wilt thou
not, Jule? And by my holy dam, the pretty wretch
left crying, and said, Ay. To see now, how a jest
shall come about. I warrant, an I should live a
thousand years, I should not forget it. Wilt thou
not, Jule, quoth he? And pretty fool, it stinted,
and said, Ay.

Jul. And stint thee, too, I pray the peace.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. Heav'n mark thee
to its grace.

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An' I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very
theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! Were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage, now. Younger
Here, in Verona, ladies of esteem, [than you,
Are made already mothers. By my 'count,
I was your mother, much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief,
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady, lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris'
love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I indart my eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter Gregory.

Greg. Madam, new guests are come, and brave
ones, all in masks. You are call'd; my young lady
ask'd for, the Nurse curs'd in the pantry; supper
almost ready to be serv'd up, and every thing in ex-
tremity. I must hence, and wait.

La. Cap. We follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Hall in Capulet's House.

[*Music plays.*]

The Capulets, Ladies, Guests, and Maskers, are dis-
cover'd.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen; ladies, that have
your feet

Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Who'll now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near you now?
Welcome all, gentlemen. I've seen the day
That I have worn a vizor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please. 'Tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis
gone.

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot—
Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is't, now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, [much!
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.
Cap. More, 'tis more; his son is elder, Sir:
 His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
 His son was but a ward two years ago.

[*A flourish of music.*
Rom. Cousin Benvolio, do you mark that lady,
 Which doth enrich the hand of yonder gentleman.
Ben. I do.

Rom. Oh, she doth teach the torches how to shine;
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
 Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear;
 The measure done, I'll watch her to her place,
 And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
 Be still, be still, my fluttering heart.

Tib. This, by his voice, should be a Montague;
 Fetch me my rapier, boy. What, dares the slave
 Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
 To flout and scorn at our solemnity?
 Now, by the stock and honour of my race,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore storm
 you thus?

Tib. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
 A villain, that is hither come, in spite,
 To scorn and flout at our solemnity.

Cap. Young Romeo, is't?

Tib. That villain, Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
 He bears him like a courtly gentleman;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
 I would not, for the wealth of all this town,
 Here in my house do him disparagement:
 Therefore, be patient, take no note of him.

Tib. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
 I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
 Be quiet, cousin, or I'll make you quiet—
Tib. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meet—
 Makes my flesh tremble in their difference. [ing,
 I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[*Dance here.*
Rom. If I prophane with my unworthy hand,

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this. [To Juliet.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too

For palm to palm, is holy palmer's kiss. [much,
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers, too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. Thus, then, dear saint, let lips put up their
 prayers. [Kiss.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with
 you.

Ben. What is her mother? [To her Nurse.

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
 Her mother is the lady of the house;
 And a good lady, and a wife and virtuous.
 I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal.
 I tell you, he that can lay hold on her,
 Shall have the chink.

Ben. Is she a Capulet?

Romeo. Let's be gone, the sport is over.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my mishap.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
 We have a trifling, foolish banquet towards.
 Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all,
 I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
 More torches here—Come on; then let's to supper.

[*Exeunt.*
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that is now going out of door?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Mercutio.

Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would

Nurse. I know not. [Not dance.

Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,

The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love, sprung from my only hate!

Too early teen, unknown; and known too late.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd, e'en now,

Of one I talk'd withal.

Nurse. Come, let's away, the strangers are all
 gone. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE, the Street.

Enter Romeo, alone.

Rom. CAN I go forward, when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy cen-
 ter out. [Exit.

Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo.

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
 Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure, too.

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfy'd.

Cry but "Ah me!" couple but love and dove,

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name to her purblind son and heir;

I conjure thee, by thy mistress's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him. 'T would anger

To raise a spirit in his mistress's arms, [him

Till she had laid it. My invocation is

Fair and honest; and in his mistress's name,

I conjure only but to raise him up.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these

To be consoorted with the hum'rous night. [trees

Mer. Romeo, good night, I'll to my truckle bed,

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.

Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then, 'tis in vain

To seek him here, that means not to be found. [Exeunt.

SCENE, a Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound—

But soft, what light thro' yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

[Juliet appears above, at a window.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick, and pale with grief,

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it;

I am too bold—Oh, were those eyes in heav'n,

They'd through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were the morn.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

ROMEO AND JULIET.

7

That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks, she speaks!

Oh, speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
To th' upturned wond'ring eyes of mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. Romeo, Romeo—wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [Aside.]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name, would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, quit thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, I will forswear my name,
And never more be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in
So humblest on my counsel? [night,]

Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and for
what?

The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.

Therefore, thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire:
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes;
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far,
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment.
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay,
And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore, thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I vow—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant
That monthly changes in her circled orb; [moon,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear, at all;

Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love—

Jul. Well, do not swear—Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning; which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, it lightens—Sweet, good night;
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have, to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou didst request it,
And yet, I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? For what pur-
pose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have; for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu.

[Nurse calls within.]

Anon, good Nurse—Sweet Montague, be true!
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream!
Too flattering-sweet, to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose, marriage, send me word, to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[Within.] Madam.

I come, anon—but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—[Within.] Juliet.] By and by
I come—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times, good night. [Exit.]

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy
light.

Enter Juliet, again.

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift! O for a falk'ner's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again—
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud—
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock, to-morrow,
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll stay here to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird, [gone;
That let's it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

[Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

SCENE, a Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,

Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light.

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must fill up this offer cage of ours,

With baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers.

O mickle is the powerful grace, that lies

In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,

But to the earth some special good doth give:

Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,

And vice, sometimes, by action's dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower,

Poison hath residence, and medicine power:

For this being smelt, with that sense cheers each

part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed foes encamp them still,

In man, as well as herbs; grace, and rude will:

And where the worse is predominant,

Full soon the canker death, eats up that plant.

Rom. [Within.] Good morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Enter Romeo.

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,

So soon to bid good morrow to thy pillow.

Care keeps his watch on every old man's eye,

And where care lodgeth, sleep will never bide;

But where, with unstuff'd brain, unbruised youth

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep resides.

Therefore, thy earliness assureth me

Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemper'ature.

What is the matter, son?

Rom. I tell thee, ere thou ask it me again,
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, to the heart's core one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lie.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
drift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is
On Juliet, Capulet's fair daughter; [set
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine:

But when, and where, and how

We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I beg,

That thou consent to marry us, to-day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis, what a change is this!

But tell me, son, and call thy reason home,

Is not this love the offspring of thy folly,

Bred from thy wantonness and thoughtless brain?

Be heedful, youth, and see you stop betimes,

Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,

O'er-leaping duty, and each due regard,

Hurry thee on, thro' short-liv'd, dear-bought plea-

To cureless woes, and lasting penitence. [sures,

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not; the whom I love,

Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love:

Do thou with Heav'n smile upon our union;

Do not withhold thy benediction from us,

But make two hearts, by holy marriage, one.

Fri. Well, come, my pupil, go along with me,

In one respect I'll give thee my assistance;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your household rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence, love stands on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, the Street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home, to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale, heard-hearted wench,
that Juliet, torments him so, that he will sure run
mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, hath
sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead
stab'd with a white wench's black eye, run through
the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his heart
cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he
a man to encounter Tibalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tibalt?

Mer. Oh, he's the courageous captain of compli-
ments; he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time,
distance, and proportion; rests his minum, one,
two, and the third in your bosom; the very but-
cher of a silk button; a duellist, a duellist; a gen-
tleman of the very first house, of the first and second
cause. Ah, the immortal passado, the punto reverso,
the hay—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affected
phantasies, these new tuners of accents.—Jesu,
a very good blade—a very tall man—a very
good whore—Why, is not this a lamentable thing,
gandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these
strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardon-
nez-moy's*?

Ben. Here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O
flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for
the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in. Laura to his
lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a
better love to be-rhyme her. Dido, a dowdy; Cleo-
patra, a gypsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and har-
lots. Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the pur-
pose.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

9

Enter Romeo.

Signior Romeo, *bonjour*, there's a French salutation for you.

Rom. Good morrow to you both.

Mer. You gave us the counterfeit fairly, last night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Enter Nurse and her Man.

Ben. A fail! a fail!

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter.

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Do, good Peter, to hide her face.

Nurse. Good ye, good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. Good ye, good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young Romeo?

Rom. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well. If you be he, Sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to supper, presently.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd: So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, but a bawd. Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady.

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An' aspeak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an' he were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks: and if I cannot, I will find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flint-gills!—And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure. *[To her Man.]*

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion, in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore Heav'n, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers—Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out. What she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into fools paradise, as they say, it were a very grose kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress; I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and i'faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman!

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall, at Friar Lawrence' cell,
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good Nurse; behind the abbey wall,

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy,
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewel; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady! Lord, lord, when 'twas a little prating thing—Oh, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him! I anger her, sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but I'll warrant you when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varial world.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. *[Ex. Romeo.]*

Nurse. A thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before. *[Exeunt.]*
SCENE E, Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse,

In half an hour she promis'd to return;
Perchance she cannot meet him—That's not so—
Oh, she is lame; love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours—and yet she is not come;
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.

Enter Nurse.

O, Heav'n! she comes.—Oh, honey, Nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Now, good, sweet Nurse—

O Lord, why look'st thou so sad?

Nurse. I am weary, let me rest, awhile:

Eye, how my bones ache, what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. Nay, come, I pray thee, speak—Good, good Nurse, speak.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that.

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to chuse a man—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no—but all this did I know before: What says he of our marriage? What of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces!

My back, o'th' other side—O my back, my back!
Beshever your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith, I'm sorry that thou art so ill;
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a virtuous—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? Why, she is within,
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st!

B

Your love says like an honest gentleman;
Where is your mother?—

Nurse. Oh, our lady dear,
Are you so hot? marry, come up! I trow.
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Hence-forward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil; come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift, to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence.
There stays a husband to make you a wife. [cell,
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks—
Hie you to church, I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune; honest nurse, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heav'n upon this holy act,
That after hours of sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen; but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which as they meet consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately.

Here comes the lady. [Exit Romeo.

Oh, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamer,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
both.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it; then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*



A C T III.

SCENE, the Street.

Enter Mercutio and Benvolio.

Ben. I Pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot; the Capulets abroad;
And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that,
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me
his sword upon the table, and says, Heav'n send me

no need of thee; and by the operation of a second
cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is
no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood, as any in Italy; an' there were two such, we
should have none shortly, for one would kill the
other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man
that hath a hair more, or a hair less in his head,
than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for
cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because
thou hast hazel eyes; thou hast quarrel'd with a
man for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun,
Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his
new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying
his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt
tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any
man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an
hour and a quarter.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Ben. Be near at hand, for I will speak to them;
—Gentlemen, good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple
it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if
you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without
giving?

Tib. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.

Mer. Consort? What, dost thou make us min-
strels! If thou make minstrels of us, look to hear
nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-stick, here's
that shall make you dance; zounds! consort?

[*Laying his hand on his sword,*

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coolly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them;
I will not budge, for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes
my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery,

Tib. Romeo, the love I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this; thou art a villain.

Rom. Tibalt, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain, I am none;

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore, turn and draw,
Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise;
And so, good Capulet, (whose name I tender
As dearly as my own) be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Ha! la *foccatto* carries it away—Tibalt—you
rat-catcher.

Tib. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of
your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal,
Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher by the
ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears, ere
it be out.

Tib. I am for you, Sir.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado.

[*Mercutio and Tibalt fight.*

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio—beat down their weapons.
—Gentlemen—for shame, forbear this outrage—

Hold, Tibalt; good Mercutio— [Exit Tib.

Mer. I am hurt—
A plague on both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough. Go, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough; 'twill serve: I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world—a plague of both your houses! What, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death; a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic? Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint: a plague o' both your houses! They have made worms meat of me;

I have it, and foundly too: plague o' both your houses! [Exeunt *Mer.* and *Ben.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf: my reputation's stain'd With Tibalt's slander. O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soft'en'd valour's steel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead, That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, Which, too untimely, here did scorn the earth.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tibalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain? Away to heav'n, respective lenity, And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!— Now, Tibalt, take the villain back again, That late thou gav'st me: for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads, And thou or I must keep him company.

Tib. Thou, wretched boy, that didst comfort him Shalt with him hence. [here,

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight; Tibalt falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone: The citizens are up, and Tibalt slain— Stand not amaz'd; the prince will doom thee death, If thou art taken; hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool. [Exit Romeo.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, Citizens, &c.

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all The unlucky manage of this fatal quarrel. There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Cap. Unhappy light! Alas, the blood is spill'd Of my dear kinsman—Now, as thou'rt a prince, For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben. Tibalt, here slain.

Romeo bespake him fair; bid him bethink How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal Your high displeasure. All this utter'd With gentle breath, calm looks, knees humbly bow'd, Could not make truce with the unruly spleen Of Tibalt, deaf to peace; but that he tilts With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast; Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point, And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats

Cold death aside, and with the other sends It back to Tibalt, whose dexterity Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,

Hold, friends, friends part; and swifter than his His agile arm beats down their fatal points, [tongue, And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm An envious thrust from Tibalt hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tibalt fled: But by and by comes back to Romeo,

Who had but newly entertain'd revenge, And to't they go like lightning; for ere I

Could draw to part them, was stout Tibalt slain; And as he fell, did Romeo turn to fly.

This is the truth, or let Benvolio suffer.

Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague, Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.

I beg for justice; justice, gracious prince; Romeo slew Tibalt, Romeo must not live.

Prince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio; Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mont. Romeo but took the forfeit life of Tibalt.

Prince. And we, for that offence, do banish him.

I have an int'rest in your heady brawls; My blood doth flow from brave Mercutio's wounds.

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine, That you shall all repent my loss in him.

I will be deaf to pleading and excuse,

Nor tears nor prayers, shall purchase our repeal; Therefore use none: Let Romeo be gone,

Else when he is found, that hour is his last.

Bear hence this body, and attend our will:

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, an Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet, alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds, To Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner As Phaeton would whip you to the west, And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, That runaways eyes may wink; and Romeo Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen.

Come night, come Romeo! come thou day in night! For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,

Whiter than snow upon the raven's back. Give me my Romeo, night, and when he dies,

Take him, and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of Heav'n so fine,

That all the world will be in love with night, And pay no worship to the garish fun.—

Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love, But not possess'd it; so tedious is this day,

As is the night before some festival, To an impatient child that hath new robes And may not wear them. Oh, here comes my Nurse!

Enter Nurse.

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks But Romeo's name, speaks heav'nly eloquence.

Now Nurse, what news?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone—

Jul. Can Heav'n be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,

Though Heav'n cannot. Oh, Romeo! Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou that does torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell. Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but ay, And that bare little word shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
Here on his manly breast.—A piteous corse,
A bloody, piteous corse, pale, pale as ashes,
I swooned at the sight.

Jul. Oh, break my heart—poor bankrupt,
break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. Oh, Tibalt, Tibalt, the best friend I had;
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tibalt dead?

Nurse. Tibalt is dead, and Romeo banish'd.

Jul. Banish'd! is Romeo banish'd?

Nurse. Romeo that kill'd him, he is banish'd.

Jul. Oh, heav'n! Did Romeo's hand shed Tibalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. Oh, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Oh, that deceit should dwell in such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There is no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd:
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish; he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd,
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
Oh, what a wretch was I to chide him so?

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,

When I, thy three hours wife, have mangled it?
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring:
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tibalt would have slain,
And Tibalt's dead, that would have kill'd my husband.

All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I, then?
Some word there was far worse than Tibalt's death,
That murder'd me; I would forget it, fain,
But oh, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
Tibalt is dead, and Romeo banish'd;
That banished, that one word, banish'd,
Hath slain ten thousand Tibalts. In that word,
Is father, mother, Tibalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead!—Romeo is banish'd!
Where are my father, and my mother, Nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tibalt's corse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash his wounds with tears? my eyes
shall flow,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo,
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here, at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at Lawrence's cell.

Jul. Oh, find him, give this ring to my true lord,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts, [soul man;

And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,

That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company;

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than death can be the prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more than death: Do not say banishment;

'Tis death mis-term'd, calling death banishment:

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,

And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

Thy fault our law calls death: but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath push'd aside the law,

And turn'd that black word death to banishment.

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here,

Where Juliet lives. There's more felicity

In carrion-flies, than Romeo: they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

And steal immortal blessings from her lips;

But Romeo may not, he is banish'd!

Oh, father, hast thou no strong poison mixt,

No sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,

But banishment, to torture me withal?

Fri. Fond madman, hear me speak;

I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,

To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up philosophy:

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more—

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost
not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tibalt murdered;

Doating like me, and like me banished;

Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

Fri. Arise, one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knock within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

Fri. Hark, how they knock—Romeo, arise.

—Who's there?

Thou wilt be taken—Stay awhile—Stand up;

[*Knocks.*]

Run to my study—By and by—God's will;

What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come.

[*Knocks.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [within.] Let me come in, and you shall
I come from Lady Juliet. [know my errand:]

Fri. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Oh, holy Friar! oh, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress's case,

Just in her case: Oh, Juliet, Juliet!

Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Since I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood,

Where is she? how does she? what says she?

Nurse. Oh, she says nothing, Sir, but weeps
and weeps,

And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tibalt cries, and then on Romeo calls,
And then falls down again.

Rom. As if that name

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her. Oh, tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts note
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.

Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tibalt? wilt thou slay thyself?

And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee?
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive;
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;

Ascend her chamber; hence, and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou can'st not pass to Mantua,

Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, Nurse; commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to rest,

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. Oh, lord, I could have staid here all night
To hear good counsel; oh, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you,
Sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify, from time to time,
Every good hap to you that chances here:

Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief so soon to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tibalt, dearly,
And so did I—Well, we were born to die—
Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.

Par. These times of grief afford no time to
woo:

Madam, good night, commend me to your daughter.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd

In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
But, soft; what day? Well, Wednesday is too
soon,

On Thursday let it be: you shall be marry'd.
We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two—

For, hark you, Tibalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there's an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—on Thursday be it, then.—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed:

[*To Lady Capulet.*]

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—

Farewel, my lord—Light to my chamber, ho!

Good night. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, the Garden.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate trees:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops;

I must be gone, and live; or stay, and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is some meteor that the fun exhales,
To be this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

I'll say, 'tis not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'n's so high above our heads:

Come, death, and welcome; Juliet wills it so.
What says my love? Let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie, hence away, be gone;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

Oh, now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light—more dark and
dark our woes.

Farewel, my love; one kiss, and I'll be gone.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your cham-
ber: the day is broke, be wary, look about.

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! lord! ah, hus-
band, friend!

I must hear from thee ev'ry day, in th' hour,
For in love's hours there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewel, I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings to thee, love.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet, again?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall
serve.

For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

Jul. O, heav'n! I have an ill-divining soul;
Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt parting from me,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb!

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu!

My life, my love, my soul. Adieu! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. O, fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune:

For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But fend him back again.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Hea, daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? Is it my lady mother?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I'm not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at St. Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. I wonder at this haste that I must wed,
Ere he that must be husband comes to woo,
I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,
I cannot marry yet.

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so, yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. How now! a conduit, girl? what still in tears?

Evermore showering? Why, how now, wife;
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks:

I would the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife,

How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,
(Unworthy as she is) that we have wrought
So worthy gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. Thank me no thankings,

But settle your fine joints, 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter's Church;
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Jul. Good father, I beseech you, on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch,

I tell thee what, get thee to church, o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.—

Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That Heav'n had sent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding.

Nurse. Heav'n bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue,

Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. Good wife it makes me mad; day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demean; youthful and nobly allied,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender

To answer, I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.

But if you will not wed, look to't, think on't,
I do not use to jest—Thursday is near.

If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:

If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'th' streets;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

[Exit.]

Jul. Is there no pity fitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O sweet, my mother, cast me not away,

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tibalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.]

Jul. O, Heav'n! O, Nurse, how shall this be prevented?

Alack, alack, that Heav'n should practise stratagem
Upon so soft a subject as myself. [gems]

Nurse. Rise, faith here it is:

Romeo is banish'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or if he do, it needs must be my stealth:

Then, since the case so stands, I think it best

You married with the Count,

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul, too,

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen, amen.

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone, [much:]

Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence's cell,

To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done. [Exit.]

Jul. Oh, most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare

So many thousand times? Go, counsellor,

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain;

I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy;

If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE, the Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

Fri. O N Thursday, Sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet, will have it so.
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven in this course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tibalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she should give her sorrow so much sway;

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her tears.

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why't should be slow'd.
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rd's my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady, and my wife.

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday

Jul. What must be, shall be. *[next.]*

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, penfive daughter, now.

—My lord, I must entreat the time alone.

Par. Heav'n shield, I should disturb devotion.—

Juliet, farewell. *[Exit Paris.]*

Jul. Go, shut the door; and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O Juliet! I already know thy grief.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou know'st my grief,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it;

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wife,

And with this steel I'll help it presently.

Heav'n join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd, [hands;

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Give to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel, or behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody dagger

Shall play the umpire.—

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do esp'y a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry County Paris,

Thou hast the strength or will to slay thyself,

Then it is likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to free thee from this marriage;

And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower:

Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,

Where roaring bears and savage lions roam!

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,

O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chaplets skulls;

Or bid me go into a new-made grave,

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,

Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me

And I will do it, without fear or doubt, [tremble,

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold then, go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris; look thou lie alone.

(Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.)

And when thou art alone, take thou this phial,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off;

When presently through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize

Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep

His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat.

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death,

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,

And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes,

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.

Then, as the manner of our country is,

In thy best robes, uncover'd on the bier,

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

Shall Romeo, by my letters, know our drift,

And hither shall he come; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and, that very night,

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me, tell me not of fear.

[Taking the phial.]

Fri. Hold, get you gone; be strong and prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength, and strength shall

help afford.

Farewel, dear father.— *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

Cap. What, is my daughter gone to Friar Law-

Nurse. Ay, forsooth. *[renewed?]*

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her;

A peevish, self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift, with

merry look!

Cap. How now, my head-strong? Where have

you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County; go tell him of this:

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence's cell,

And gave him what becoming love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well. Stand up;

Now, afore Heav'n, this reverend, holy friar—

All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,

To help me fort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday, there is time

enough.

Cap. Go, Nurse, go with her; we'll to church

to-morrow. *[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]*

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;

'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, all things shall be well.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck her up;

I'll not to bed, but walk myself to Paris,

T'appoint him 'gainst to-morrow. My heart's light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt Capulet and Lady Capulet.]

SCENE, Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle Nurse,

I pray thee leave me to myself, to-night;

For I have need of many orisons,

To move the heav'ns to smile upon my state,

Which well thou know'st is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? Do you need my

help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the Nurse this night set up with you;

For I am sure you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Then, good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest, for thou hast need.

[Exeunt.]
Jul. Farewel——Heav'n knows, when we
shall meet again!

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again, to comfort me.
Nurse!——Yet what should they do here;
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

[Takes out the phial.]
Come, phial——What if this mixture do not
work, at all?

Shall I of force be married to the Count?
No; no, this shall forbid it; lie thou there——

[Pointing to a dagger.]
What if it be poison, which the Friar
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead,
Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man——
How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Comes to redeem me? There's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there be strangled, ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tibalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night, spirits resort——
Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
(Invironed with all these hideous fears)
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tibalt from his shroud?
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo——Stay, Tibalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[Drinks.]
[She throws herself on the bed.]
O, potent draught! thou hast
Chill'd me to my heart! my head turns round,
My senses fail me——O, Romeo, Romeo——

[The Scene shuts on her.]
SCENE, a Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
spices, *Nurse.*

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
pastry.

Enter Capulet and Lady, meeting.

Cap. Come, sir, sir, sir, the second cock hath
crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica,
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quen, go;
Get you to bed: faith you'll be sick to-morrow,
For this night's watching. *[Exit.]*

Cap. No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd,
ere now,
All night, for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

[Play music.]

The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would——I hear him near.
Nurse—wife—What, ho! What, nurse, I say?
Enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet; go, and trim her up.
I'll go, and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste!
Make haste, I say. *[Exit Capulet.]*

SCENE draws, and discovers Juliet on a Bed.
Nurse. Mistress, what, mistress Juliet——Fast, I
warrant her.

Why, lamb—why, lady——Fye, you slug-a-bed—
Why, love, I say——Madam, sweet-heart—why,
bride——

What, not a word! you take your penny-worths now.
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
That you shall rest but little——Heav'n forgive me—
Marry and amen——How sound is the asleep?
I must needs wake her. Madam, Madam, Madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed——
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
What! drest, and in your clothes—and down again!
I must needs wake you. Lady, lady, lady——
Alas, alas! Help! help! my lady's dead——
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Hoe! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O, lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look——oh, heavy day!

La. Cap. Oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth, her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead; she's dead. Alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me see her——Out, alas, she's cold,
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated;
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of the field.

Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before the wedding day,
Death has embrac'd thy wife. See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, nipp'd in the bud by him!

Oh, Juliet, oh, my child, my child!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a fight as this.

Cap. Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw,
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage.

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to enjoy, and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Fri. Your daughter lives in peace and happiness;

Heav'n and yourself had part in this fair maid;

Now, Heav'n hath all——Dry up your fruitless tears.

Come, stick your rosemary on this fair corse;

And, as the custom of our country is,

Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.

Cap. All things that we ordain'd to festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments, to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;

Our solemn hymns, to sullen dirges change;

And bridal flowers serve for a burial corse.

Fri. Bid, go you in; and, Madam, go with him;

And go, Sir Paris: every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave.

The Heav'n's do lour upon you, for some ill;

Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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A C T V.

SCENE, *the Inside of a Church.*

Enter the funeral procession of Juliet, in which the following Dirge is sung:

CHORUS.

RISE, rise!
Heart-breaking sighs,
The wee-fraught bosom swell;
For sighs alone,
And dismal moan,
Should echo Juliet's knell.

A I R.

*She's gone—the sweetest flower of May,
That blooming blest our sight;
Those eyes, which shone like breaking day,
Are set in endless night!*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! &c.

A I R.

*She's gone, she's gone, nor leaves behind
So fair a form, so pure a mind.
How could'st thou, death, at once destroy
The lover's hope, the parent's joy?*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! &c.

A I R.

*Thou, spotless soul, look down below,
Our unfeign'd sorrow see:
Oh, give us strength to bear our woe,
To bear the loss of thee?*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! &c.

SCENE, Mantua.

Enter Romeo.

If I may trust the flattery of sleep,
My dreams preface some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne.
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground, with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
And breath'd such life with kisses on my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah, me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How doth my Juliet? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her carried to her kindred's vault,
And presently took post, to tell it you.
O, pardon me, for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars—

Bal. My lord!

Rom. Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence, to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, Sir. I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Go, thou art deceiv'd!
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Bal. No, good my lord.

Rom. No matter. Get thee gone,
And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee, to-night—

Let's see for means—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!

I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, who late I noted,
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stult, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.
Noting his penury, to myself I said,
An' if a man did need a poison now,
Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need!
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho, Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man; I see that thou art poor;

Hold, there are forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may soon die.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes;
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

[Exit.]

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

[Apothecary returns.]

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none. [sell.
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *the Monastery at Verona.*

Enter Friar John to Friar Lawrence.

John. Holy Franciscan Friar! brother! ho!

Law. This same should be the voice of Friar
John.—

Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city, visiting the sick;
And finding him, the searchers of the town
(Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign)
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bore my letter, then, to Romeo?

John. I could not find it, here it is again,

C

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not in ce, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

Law. Now must I to the monument alone.
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake,
She will bestrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

SCENE, a Church-yard; in it a Monument be-
longing to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page with a Light.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and
stand aloof.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-tree lay thee all along,
Placing thy ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure.

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I
strew;

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hand,
That living, honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral obsequies adorn thy tomb.

—The boy gives warning, something does ap-
proach—

What curst foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?

What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a Light.

Rom. Give me the wrenching-iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father;
Put out the torch, and, on thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence, from her dead finger,
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment; therefore, hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
The time and my intents are savage, wild,
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou
that,

Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this fame, I'll hide me near this
place;

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. *[Exit.]*

Rom. Thou maw detestable, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth;
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the Monument.]
And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. *[Showing himself.]* Stop thy unhallow'd
toil, vile Montague.

Can vengeance be pursu'd farther than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;

Obeys, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hi-
ther—

Good, gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;
Fly hence, and leave me.

By Heav'n, I love thee better than myself;

For I come hither, arm'd against myself.

Par. I do defy thy pity and thy counsel,
And apprehend thee for a felon, here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
boy. *[They fight, Paris falls.]*

Page. Oh, Lord, they fight! I will go call the
watch.

Par. Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, and lay me with my Juliet.

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face—
Mercutio's kinsman! Noble County Paris!

Give me thy hand—

One writ with me in four misfortune's book;

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,

[Breaks open the Monument.]
For here lies Juliet—Oh, my love, my wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag is not advanced there;

Oh, Juliet, why art thou yet so fair?—here,

Will I set up my everlasting rest,

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-weary flesh:

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsav'ry guide,

Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on

The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark:

No more—here's to my love!—Eyes, look your

last; *[Drinking the Poison.]*

Arms, take your last embrace: and lips, do you

The doors of breath seal with a righteous kiss—

Soft—she breathes, and stirs! *[Juliet wakes.]*

Jul. Where am I? Defend me!

Rom. She speaks, she lives; and we shall still be
blest'd!

My kind propitious stars o'er pay me now

For all my sorrows past—Rise, rise, my Juliet,

And from this cave of death, this house of horror,

Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms,

There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,

And call thee back to life and love. *[Takes her hand.]*

Jul. Bless me! how cold it is! Who's there?

Rom. Thy husband,

'Tis thy Romeo, Juliet; rais'd from despair

To joys unutterable! Quit, quit this place,

And let us fly together—*[Brings her from the tomb.]*

Jul. Why do you force me so—I'll ne'er consent—

My strength may fail me, but my will's unmov'd—

I'll not wed Paris—Romeo is my husband—

Rom. Her senses are unsettl'd—Heav'n restore 'em!

—Romeo is thy husband; I am that Romeo,

Nor all the opposing powers of earth or man

Shall break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.

Jul. I know that voice—its magick sweetness

wakes
My tranced soul—I now remember well

Each circumstance—Oh, my lord, my husband—

[Going to embrace him.]

Dost thou avoid me, Romeo? Let me touch
Thy hand, and taste the cordial of thy lips—
You fright me—speak—oh let me hear some voice,
Beside my own, in this drear vault of death,
Or I shall faint—Support me—

Rom. Oh, I cannot,
I have no strength, but want thy feeble aid;
Cruel poison!

Jul. Poison! What means my lord? Thy trem-
bling voice,

Pale lips, and swimming eyes! Death's in thy face!

Rom. It is indeed—I struggle with him now—
The transports that I felt, to hear thee speak,
And see thy opening eyes, stopt for a moment
His impetuous course, and all my mind
Was happiness and thee; but now the poison
Rushes thro' my veins—I've not time to tell—
Fate brought me to this place—to take a last,
Last farewell of my love, and with thee die.

Jul. Die! Was the Friar false?

Rom. I know not that—
I thought thee dead: distracted at the sight,
(Fatal speed) drank poison, kiss'd thy cold lips,
And found, within thy arms, a precious grave—
But in that moment—Oh—

Jul. And did I wake for this!

Rom. My powers are blasted,
'Twixt death and love I'm torn—I am distracted!
But death's strongest—and I must leave thee, Juliet!
Oh, cruel, cursed fate! in sight of Heav'n—

Jul. Thou ray'st—lean on my breast—

Rom. Father's have flinty hearts, no tears can
melt 'em.

Nature pleads in vain—Children must be wretched—

Jul. Oh, my breaking heart—

Rom. She is my wife—our hearts are twin'd to-
gether—

Capulet, forbear—Paris, loose your hold—

Pull not our heart-strings thus—they crack—they
break—

Oh, Juliet! Juliet! [Dies.]

Jul. Stay, stay, for me, Romeo—

A moment stay; fate marries us in death,

And we are one—No power shall part us,

[Faints on Romeo's body.]

Enter Friar Lawrence, with lantern, crew, and spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed! How oft, to-night,
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? Who's there?
Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains
The stoney entrance of this sepulchre!

Jul. Who's there?

Fri. Ah, Juliet awake, and Romeo dead!

And Paris too—Oh, what unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

Jul. Here he is still, and I will hold him fast,

They shall not tear him from me—

Fri. Patience, lady—

Jul. Who is that? O, thou cursed Friar! Patience!

Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me!

Fri. O fatal error! Rise, thou fair distressed,

And fly this scene of death!

Jul. Come thou not near me,

Or this dagger shall quit my Romeo's death!

[Draws a dagger.]

Fri. I wonder not, thy griefs have made thee
desperate.

What noise without? Sweet Juliet, let us fly—

A greater power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents—Come, haste away;
I will dispose thee, most unhappy lady,
Amongst a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question—for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet—I dare not longer stay.

[Exit.]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, I will not away—

What's here! a phial—Romeo's timeless end.

O churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop

To help me after—I will kiss thy lips,

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them—

[Kisses him.]

Watch and Page within.

Watch. Lead boy; which way?—

Jul. Noise again!

Then I'll be brief—O, happy dagger!

This is thy sheath, there rest, and let me die.

[Kills herself.]

Boy. This is the place—my liege.

Enter Prince, &c.

Prin. What misadventure is so early up,

That calls our person from its morning's rest.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

The people in the street cry Romeo;

Some Juliet; and some Paris; and all run,

With open outcry, towards our monument.

Prin. What fear is this which startles in your

ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris,

slain,

And Romeo dead—Juliet, thought dead before,

Is warm, and newly killed.—

Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre!

Enter Montague.

Prin. Come, Montague, for thou art early up,

To see thy son and heir, now early fall'n.—

Mont. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead, to-night;

Grief of my son's exile, hath stopp'd her breath!

What farther woe conspires against my age?

Prin. Look there—and see—

Mont. Oh, thou untaught what manners is, in this,

To press before thy father to a grave!

Prin. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities,

And know their spring, and head—mean time for-

And let mischance be slave to patience. [bear,

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest.

Prin. Then say, at once, what thou dost know

of this.

Fri. Let us retire from this dread scene of death,

And I'll unfold the whole. If aught in this

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrific'd, some hour before its time,

Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prin. We still have known thee for a holy man,

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!

See what a scourge is laid upon your hate.

Let Romeo's man, and let the boy attend us:

We'll hence, and farther scan these sad disasters.

Well may you mourn, my lords, (now wife too late)

These tragic issues of your mutual hate.

From private feuds, what dire misfortunes flow!

Whate'er the cause, the sure effect is woe,



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